

Henkel, who drops into Boston's occasional past of amatory composition I have ever had the honor of perusing. The other court officials were not so enthusiastic in their appraisal, but they all read it eagerly. The letter bore postmark of June 18, 1906. It was addressed to "Dearest Sweetheart" and flowed along this way:

Your lovely letter reached me this morning and I could scarcely wait to get it. You are a dear sweetheart and I love you more than I ever thought possible to love a man. Yes, I feel sure we shall be extremely happy, for there is nothing to compare with true love and companionship.

After telling me that she didn't want him to come over to New York and then have to rush right to Philadelphia, the missive signed "Ever your devoted Helen" concludes:

And speaking of pictures, I have your dear picture before me and always want it where I can look at it and show it to my friends. When I was last at Asheville, N. C., I saw a most beautiful turquoise locket and chain—solid Oriental turquoise, and I always have had any one I could love sufficiently I would want that locket and chain so I could wear that picture around my neck. Yours is the one I want in it, and I sent for it to-day, for I know you would be glad to give it to me for my birthday. The locket will cost me \$200, and it is the one I haven't in my collection of jewels, and I dearly love turquoise for the blue has forever represented pure love. Can't you have a little miniature picture taken—about the size of a square—so I can wear it ready for the locket?

MacClellan at once had the picture taken and sent with it, he says, a check for \$200. That was the last check either he or Mrs. MacClellan sent. After responding to his fiancée's appeal for \$200, he sent her a check for \$200 a week to send on \$200 to "Helen" in fighting a suit for her Mexican mining properties which had been started by her brother-in-law, the late John H. MacClellan, and had to go to Providence on business connected with the litigation, she wrote. MacClellan didn't send the check. Not receiving it, she replied that she would be waiting for it. She failed to recognize her sweetheart at first, but after looking over the warrant consented to go to the Marshall's office.

That man said "do anything to me" was all she said.

The woman, who is of medium height, has dark eyes and hair. She was carefully dressed and seemed to be a woman of means. MacClellan says she is. The man and the other woman who came out of the house accompanied her to court. MacClellan says the man is the one who was waiting for her at the door. He failed to recognize her sweetheart at first, but after looking over the warrant consented to go to the Marshall's office.

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## WOMAN IN AUTO SMASH DEAD.

**VICTIM OF JEROME AVE. ACCIDENT IS MRS. LENA NOBLE.**

Her Companion, Margaret Johnson, Able to Leave Hospital—Mounted Cop Whose Horse the Car Struck Now Says He Didn't See It Coming—Chauffeur Held.

Mrs. Lena Noble of 635 Tremont avenue, Baltimore, died in the Fordham Hospital, late yesterday afternoon, as the result of a fractured skull she received at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, when the touring car in which she was seated, and which was being driven south on Jerome avenue by a chauffeur named Stuart Elliot, collided with the horse ridden by Policeman John Smith of the High Bridge station. After the collision Mrs. Noble's death, the driver, Elliot, who had been released on \$2,500 bail on an assault charge, was rearrested, charged with homicide.

In the car with Elliot at the time of the accident were Mrs. Noble—whose name was given at first to the police and the hospital surgeon as Howard—and Miss Margaret Johnson of the Hotel Gerard, Manhattan. Miss Johnson's name was also twisted at first and was given as Evans, but when Elliot was arraigned before Coroner McDonald last night he corrected this and said she was Miss Johnson.

The three had been dining late at Woody Mansion, near the Morris Park race track. Policeman Smith told two stories of the accident yesterday. In the West Chester police court he said that he saw that the car coming toward him was exceeding the speed limit and that when he tried to block it the driver, instead of stopping, attempted to get by him and that the collision was the result. After the death of Mrs. Noble, last night, however, he said that his back was turned toward the oncoming car and that he did not know of its presence until his horse was struck and he was thrown to the pavement. He does not remember what happened after that, he says, until he awoke in the Fordham Hospital some time later.

Elliot, the driver, insists that he was not exceeding the speed limit. Owing to the darkness, so his story goes, the car was upon the policeman before he could check it. Then when he tried to swerve to one side he struck a street hydrant and the car was overturned.

In the collision between the machine and horse Policeman Smith was thrown fifteen feet and when he landed upon the pavement he suffered a slightly fractured frontal bone. Sunset, the horse, was bowled over, but scrambled to its feet and ran away.

Mrs. Noble struck upon her head and did not regain consciousness at any time after the accident. Miss Johnson's injuries consisted merely of shock and some bruises about the head. She was discharged from the hospital last night and went home. Soon after the accident Mounted Policeman Von Dierp galloped up to the corner of Burnside and Jerome avenues, where the mishap occurred, and hastily summoned an ambulance from the Fordham Hospital.

By the time Dr. Bickelhaupt arrived on the ambulance a small crowd of autoists, billiard and pedestrians had gathered, and with the help of the doctor placed Mrs. Noble, Miss Johnson and Policeman Smith on the ambulance and took them to the Fordham Hospital. After Smith had revived and had been patched up he was able to leave the hospital and appear in the Westchester office of the coroner, where, when Elliot, who had spent the night in the High Bridge station, was arraigned on a charge of assault before Magistrate Barlow, Elliot had escaped from the hospital last night and went home.

Before the Magistrate, Policeman Smith said that he noticed that the machine was exceeding the speed limit, "while it was coming toward him," he said, "and that he attempted to get around him instead of stopping when ordered. The sergeant of the High Bridge station, whose name was also Smith, complained in court that the police had been trying to get Elliot for speeding, but that he had always got away and had boasted that no cop could stop him. The Magistrate said that he would consider only the present offense, but that he would fix the bail at \$2,500.

When this bail had been produced Elliot was released, and he came to the police of Mrs. Noble's death they started out last night to look for him. While the detectives were hunting him up to arrest him on a charge of homicide, Elliot walked to the High Bridge station and gave himself up.

The driver was taken to Coroner McDonald's office. The Bronx at 10 o'clock last night. Here he repeated the assertion he had made when first arrested that the wrecked machine belonged to him. The car is numbered 2260, and according to the Automobile Register this machine is owned by George McKenzies of 7 West Forty-ninth street.

Elliot, gave his name as 21, and his address as 251 West Eighty-first street, Manhattan. Last night he told the coroner he was a "manufacturer," and insisted that he was not going to stop, but that he was going to go as security for Elliot's appearance some property he said he owned in Rye, but as he could not show the deed Coroner McDonald would not accept him as bondsman. The coroner had fixed the bail at \$5,000.

Elliot's lawyer, Edward Gavan of 82 William street, finally appeared, and Elliot was paroled in the custody of the lawyer. Coroner McDonald said, however, that the lawyer must appear before him this morning at 11 o'clock prepared to put up \$5,000 bail or Elliot would be locked up.

Accompanying Elliot when he was taken before the coroner was a young man who said he was a son of J. Benwick Diamond and that his father was an iron manufacturer at 128 West Thirty-third street, and lived in Rye. The young man wanted to offer as security for Elliot's appearance some property he said he owned in Rye, but as he could not show the deed Coroner McDonald would not accept him as bondsman. The coroner had fixed the bail at \$5,000.

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## ROB AND BEAT WOMAN AT HOME

**HOLD THIEVES SAY THEY ARE DETECTIVES AS THEY ENTER.**

Seize Southern Woman, With Only Servant in the House, and Tear Jewelry From Her—She Pretends to Yield to Chieftain and Seizes Assaults On.

John Quinn, alias Ryan, alias Williams, was committed to the Tombs under \$5,000 bail yesterday by Magistrate Fineline in the Jefferson Market police court, for a further hearing on Tuesday next, charged with assault and robbery of Mrs. Wilhelm Virginia Hill, a Southern woman, in her house at 232 West Ninety-fourth street on the evening of July 11 last. The city detective department officials say the crime was one of the boldest and most outrageous that they have run across in years.

The man and a companion, personating Central Office detectives, forced an entrance to Mrs. Hill's house while she was at dinner and with only a servant in the house. They beat and robbed her, attempted to choke her, and left her at the end of nearly two hours of torture, when she pretended that she was under the influence of the anesthetic. She was ill for three days from shock and exhaustion.

As soon as Mrs. Hill could get out she told her story to Inspector McLaughlin of the Detective Bureau. He made a special effort to catch the robbers and through a tip he received himself had Quinn arrested on Thursday evening by Detectives Fay, Gray and Lange at Hudson and Clarkson streets.

He was picked out from among ten men in Police Headquarters yesterday morning by Mrs. Hill, who flew at the man as if to tear him to pieces. She told him to get out of her house. She had to be restrained from clutching his throat. The accomplice has not been caught.

Mrs. Hill, who has lived in New York for about a year, came here from Texas, where she went to live after she was married in Virginia. Her husband died several years ago, leaving her with a comfortable income. Her brother wanted to enter Columbia University and she came to town last summer and stopped at the Murray Hill Hotel.

In October she rented the house on Ninety-fourth street. It is a four story structure, of light stone with red brick trimmings, has a bowed front and for two stories is covered with Virginia creeper. It is of the modern style, with a small reception room in the front and with the drawing room and dining room on the floor above.

Mrs. Hill has been living here during the summer with a young woman friend and a servant. The servant she had at the time of the assault is a colored maid from St. Kitts, West Indies, whom she engaged only a day or two before the robbery. Mrs. Hill is about 35 years of age, and is a widow. She is always wearing finger rings that would attract attention at a glance and it may have been that these rings were noticed on the street by one of the men who robbed and beat her.

Mrs. Hill was at dinner on the evening of July 11 when the doorbell rang. She thought at first that it was her woman friend coming home. The maid went through the hallway on the ground floor, came up the back stairs to the bathroom and said that two men were waiting in the reception room to see her. One name they gave was Johnson. While Mrs. Hill was going to think who a man named Johnson might be a tall man wearing a derby hat with a mourning band on it came up the back stairs and pushed his way into the room.

"Fine day," he said. "I'm from the Central Office and have been sent up to look after you."

Before Mrs. Hill could ask what he really wanted another man, much shorter in stature and wearing a light mustache, came up the front stairs and entered the room.

"We're detectives," he said, as he showed a yellow shield pinned on his suspenders. He wore no waistcoat—with the words Detective Sergeant enamelled on it. He swept back his coat, showing a revolver in his hip pocket. The tall man then displayed a similar badge.

"We want to know what kind of a house you are running here," the tall man said. "We have been watching you for two weeks."

"That is not so," replied Mrs. Hill, "for if you had you would know that I am a person of the highest respectability."

"Don't give us no guff," said the little man and then he began to tell a story of investigations. Meantime the tall man sent the servant down stairs with the order not to stir from the kitchen on penalty of her life and not to answer the doorbell if it should ring.

While the short man was talking with Mrs. Hill the other looked some of the doors and then went upstairs. He also looked the doors there, with the exception of Mrs. Hill's bedroom. She heard him trying to open the bureau door, but he failed. The tall man demanded that she open a locked drawer. She refused. He forced it open. He found about \$65 in it. He gave the money to the short man. The latter took it and said, "Circle, Fifty-ninth street." Then he went away.

Then began a long struggle for Mrs. Hill's jewelry. She had suspended about her neck a chain of gold with pearls and stones of various kinds at intervals. The man took hold of it. She seized it and broke the chain. Then she thrust it down her back.

The man tried to force her finger rings from her left hand. He twisted her hand until she felt exhausted in a chair. He got two of her rings, all the time threatening her life if she screamed. He flourished a big knife when she got free from him once and drew away. She put her hands behind her back and drew off the rest of her rings. These she also dropped in her waist at the neck.

The man struck her in the face several times. He then took a bottle from his pocket, poured some of the contents on a black bordered handkerchief and applied it to her face.

She says she decided that she would pretend to be unconscious and held her head down. She did not draw the handkerchief, but appeared to sink into unconsciousness. Her face grew almost livid, and she thinks the thief feared she was dead or dying. At any rate, he turned out all the lights,

groped down stairs and left by the side door where supplies are delivered to the house.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Hill picked her way down and found the servant sitting in the kitchen. The doors were locked so that no one could be heard from the bedrooms. Mrs. Hill was in bed three days. Then she consulted a friend, William F. Moore, Civil Justice of the Third District Court, who sent her to Secretary Blagden of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He told her that the badges shown by the thieves were imitations and lacked the eagle device that detective sergeants' badges have. They also were different in shape and enameling.

## GARROTTER IN WOMAN'S HOME

**KILLED BY MAN WHO HAD KEY TO HER ROOMS.**

Towel and Handkerchief About Her Neck. She Is Found Lying on Bed—Victor Shays on St. Lorenzo's Day—Police Arrest One of the Woman's Friends.

A woman of the dance halls of the Italian colony west of Macdougall street was murdered yesterday afternoon in her dining room at 82½ Carmine street. In the neighborhood of the Italians were celebrating the feast of St. Lorenzo.

In the streets, strung with lighted lanterns and bunting, and in the dance halls last night they were talking of the woman who had been killed—strangled to death. Across the hall from the woman's dead body a girl drummed on a piano and in front of the house a quartet of young Italians fingered mandolins and guitars and sang the melodies of Italy.

There is no doubt that the woman was killed by a man, probably some jealous admirer. He took pains that his job should be a thorough one. First a strip of a towel was tied around the woman's neck and over that a handkerchief was tightly knotted.

The police have practically nothing to work on except the description of a man which would fit most any of the Italians of the neighborhood. They were hunting last night through the dance halls of the neighborhood for anybody who knew anything about the woman.

The woman was a tenant of the house. She was accompanied by a sturdy Italian of about average build, whom she introduced as her husband. She gave her name as Mrs. Maria Pecora. She told little of her history, but something of that was learned from the dance hall frequenters last night.

The woman slept by day and was at home little in the evenings. She was plump and good looking and came from the south of Italy. Some of the tenants, who became very resentful when the police began to make inquiries, said that she had few men visitors, but in the streets the talk was that she had many men callers.

Soon after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon a man rapped on the door of Mrs. Pecora's rooms. There was no response. He beat impatiently several times. Mrs. Gina Merlo, who lives in the next apartment, says she saw him. She says he was a little taller than five feet and carried something that might have been a box for camera plates. He finally took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

Mrs. Merlo says she heard the door slammed again and then sounds of the man walking down stairs. It is only a short flight to the street. Mrs. Pecora's rooms are right off the head of the stairs above the ground floor. The sounds of the man's steps soon died away.

About the same time there were groans from Mrs. Pecora's rooms. Mrs. Merlo did nothing, as they died away in a few minutes. It is not good form in that neighborhood to be quick to interfere in the affairs of others.

There are two stories as to how the murder was discovered three hours later. One is that Mrs. Lucia Russo, described as a washwoman of 15 Minetta street, came to the house for Mrs. Pecora's washing. She couldn't get any answer at the door and appealed to Mrs. Merlo. Thinking that Mrs. Pecora was asleep she walked through the Merlo rooms, climbed out on the fire escape, looked through the window and saw Mrs. Pecora's body on the bed.

The other story is that Mrs. Russo was a friend of Mrs. Pecora and came there with three men. They all trooped through the Merlo rooms and from the fire escape saw the woman's body. Mrs. Russo said in Italian, "They have killed her! They have killed her!" and one of the men went for a policeman.

One thing is certain. A man told Police-man Emil Sutting of the Charles street station. When the policeman got to the house Mrs. Russo was gone and so were the men, even the man who had called the policeman. Mrs. Merlo said that she sent one of her friends to tell the police.

Stretched across the bed Mrs. Pecora's body, the feet just touching the floor. A strip of cheap towel had been tied around her neck, the knot fastened on the right side of the jugular vein. Over that was the handkerchief, with a knot on the left side. The strings of both knots had been clipped close, evidently for the purpose of preventing the woman from untying them should she become conscious.

The theory of the police was that she was asleep when the man entered the rooms, which showed small signs of a struggle. Save for the bed the three small rooms the woman had been practically bare of furniture.

On the woman's fingers were several cheap rings which hadn't been touched and which displayed the initials of the police. The police, that the woman had been robbed. In her trunk were a number of letters and two bank books showing that she had saved nearly \$1,500. The trunk was found open and the money was missing. The letters were from friends and didn't help the police any.

Detective Sergeant Petroski, an Italian electrician, Archibald and Botti, Headquarters men and precinct detectives got busy through the neighborhood and learned something of the woman's life. Her maiden name was Lucia Demasso and some time ago her husband, Pecora, went to Chicago or Italy, no one was sure which.

She had two children, a girl 12 years old and a boy 8 years old. She lived with her sister and brother in Chicago. The woman is said to have sent them money, and there was a slip showing that she had sent a reply letter to her brother, Vincenzo, on Monday.

The janitress of the house, Mrs. Julia Caparella, an Irish woman who married an Italian, said she had seen the woman yesterday afternoon, but she said he wasn't the man who posed as her husband when she hired the rooms. The description of the man who called yesterday was not like that of the man who accompanied Mrs. Pecora to the house.

One thing the police couldn't understand: Mrs. Pecora's sister, who lives at 10 Carmine street, was to the rooms. One of the keys was kept by the caller yesterday afternoon and he locked the door when he went out. The police searched in vain for the other key, Mrs. Pecora's effects.

Coroner Harburger had the body removed to the Morgue. The police spent the night working through the neighborhood trying to run down the men friends of the woman. They found a lot who knew her around the dance halls, but nothing more.

In the woman's rooms the police found a picture of a man. Looking up her friends, they ran down, from the picture, Luigi Guraldi, who is said to be a known thief in his home, 18 King street, last night. He said he didn't know anything about the murder. He was taken to the Charles street station at midnight. Capt. Halpin sent for Mrs. Merlo and the janitress of the Carmine street house.

Mrs. Pecora frequently went to a dance hall at 17 Sullivan street, and Guraldi, who said he was a waiter, was often there, too. Detectives camped out in the place last night looking for other friends of the woman. They said they especially wanted to find a woman known as Sheeny Annie who went around with Mrs. Pecora. The police said that other arrests would be made before morning.

The registered letter to Mrs. Pecora's brother was sent from 178 Bleeker street. The woman had lived there up to a short time ago, but she had moved to the house at 82½ Carmine street, and she would admit knowing anything about her.

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